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OF THE

REPUBLIC OF HAWAII.

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WITH THE FIRST REGIMENT

COMPANY E IS AGAIN TO HAVE A TARGET TEAM.

Several Matches in Prospect—Lost a Thumb—The Military Barge—Two Modest Challenges—Meetings.

Corporal Neely of Company E is organizing his first team of marksmen today and will issue a challenge to Company D during this afternoon for a match shoot to take place next Saturday. E's old crack team, which was at one time the best in the Regiment, is a thing of the past, but there is another which can take its place in any emergency. Corp. Neely feels sure he can press the 400 mark on first trial.

Owing to some delays the military barge will not be ready until the middle of next week. Sergt. Volberg has his crew selected and as soon as the boat is launched will begin practice. The barge will be the finest in the country and will undoubtedly have every advantage as a racer. She will be entered next Regetta Day and perhaps in any intermediate events which may crop up. The crew will have a special uniform.

Private Henderson of Company F had a thumb amputated at the Queen's Hospital a few days ago. Acute rheumatism made the operation necessary. He is getting better and will be out again in a few days. Of course he is now disqualified as a soldier. Henderson was always an all round good fellow and was liked by every one in the barracks.

W. Carlyle, the coming first lieutenant of Company H, is a very sick man. He was taken with fever on Monday and has been confined to his room ever since.

Sergt. Tracy has B's first team down nearly every day for practice to meet the police on Saturday afternoon.

All the companies will hold business meetings next week.

Corp. Hagerup of Company B is in Wailuku holding some sales for his firm, Messrs. H. W. Schmidt & Sons. He will likely return on Friday.

The Company D "sawed-offs" would like a match with the first team of Company G after Saturday week.

Company B will accept a challenge from D for a friendly shoot to take place Saturday week.

Novel Wheelmaking Scheme.

Many plans for secret marking, various locks and such like have been devised to prevent wheel stealing or to convict the thief after he has been caught. It seems strange that no one has thought of the very simple device of placing the photograph of the machine's owner upon the wheel itself. Since the electrical exhibition of May the art of photographing through the medium of the electric current upon metals has made great progress. A negative of the object to be photographed is first necessary. It is placed upon the metallic surface, and by the aid of a powerful electric current the picture is transferred. By the same process it can be tinted all colors. The entire metallic surface is subjected to a coating of black, bronze or silver, which makes the picture complete. As a thief proof wheel, one with its owner's likeness securely incorporated in its make up would seem to be almost perfect.—New York Sun.

A Sure Cure

To cure a morbid appetite for strong drink (alcohol) drink the mild, refreshing and deservedly popular Seattle beer. On draught at the Criterion saloon.

DRUMMER DUMPEY.

Dumpey was a drummer in a foot battery of the United States artillery stationed at one of the harbor posts in the east. His descriptive list showed him 5 feet 1 inch high, sallow complexion, brown hair and 36 years of age. There were only two things he could really do well—drum and drink. So the junior lieutenant of the battery, who was his "good friend," to use Dumpey's own words, dubbed him D2.

There were a number of boys in the garrison, and we were all on intimate terms with Dumpey. To us, in spite of his 36 years and the fact that he had served through the four years of the rebellion, he seemed but a boy. He was always good natured, ready for a swim or fish, ready to play ball, and sometimes, when in a particularly amiable mood, ready to give us a lesson on the drum, which he considered the "king of instruments."

"Fiddles are all right," he said once when the colonel's son ventured to differ with him, "fiddles are all right, but," with a superior smile, "not for soldiers. Did you ever hear tell of a fiddler of Chickamauga? Come, answer me that."

Of course we sided with Dumpey. What real boy wouldn't?

I can see him now, with his drum slung from his neck, his little figure drawn up to its full height, proudly showing us how to make the drum "talk."

"This is what we played at Mission Ridge," and then he would begin.

One heard the tramp of marching feet, the thunder of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the shouts and hurrahs of the men, and, above all, the rub-a-dub-dub, the rub-a-dub-dub of the drum. It sent the cold shivers down our backs, the blood jumping through our veins, and our boyish hearts thumped and thumped until we thought they must surely burst. Then he would change, and in an instant all was different.

The slow and solemn beat of the muffled drum, the long, melancholy, almost human, roll, and we knew that the battle was over, and that the dead were being laid away to their last rest. The tears in our eyes, a choking in our throats, and then—

They dressed me up in sojer clothes,
They treated me so kindly,
And yet I never could forget
The girl I left behind me.

And we'd fall in and march behind our friend until we reached the battery quarters.

It was a sad day for the battery, and particularly for Dumpey, when the junior lieutenant left our post by transfer. The very next day Dumpey was in the guardhouse with general charges against him. Intercession proved of no avail; the captain was determined to make an example of him, but the court was lenient, so after a month's confinement Dumpey came back to us, but an altered man. Not that his manner had changed toward us—he was still our friend—but his boyishness and lightness of heart seemed gone.

"He'll get me yet," was all he said when we asked him the trouble. "He," of course, meant the captain, who for some unaccountable reason had taken a strong dislike to the lowly drummer. Things went from bad to worse. Dumpey was in the guardhouse continually, first for one thing and then another, which, though trivial enough in their way, were rapidly building up a bad reputation for him, which he did not really deserve.

The end came when they found him drunk on guard. The general court, which tried him, found him guilty and sentenced him to be drummed out of the service. The colonel wrote to the reviewing authority rather strongly in his favor, but Dumpey was doomed. Nothing could save him, and the sentence was duly confirmed.

Never did sun shine brighter, never were skies bluer, never was nature more generous than on that dreadful May morning almost 30 years ago. We had all been to see Dumpey at the guardhouse the night before. We had shaken hands with him and carried him such boyish gifts as we could to assure him of our loyalty and friendship, and he, poor old boy, had turned his face away from us and wept like a child.

It was the first and only time I had ever seen a man drummed out of the service. I can never again see such a shocking sight of man's inhumanity to man.

Almost 30 years ago—I was a very young boy then, still I remember that the sun was bright and that the skies were blue. I remember that the air was soft and balmy. I remember that the flag, emblem of liberty and equality, threw out the glory of its stars and stripes straight and strong to the morning breeze. I remember that we all stood huddled together waiting—and—then it came.

First the drums and fifes, then two platoons of men fully armed and equipped, their bayonets flashing and sparkling in the sunlight, and between them Dumpey, with head closely cropped and on his back a board marked "Drunkard."

And still—the sun shone, the skies were blue and the flag flapped gayly overhead.

On they came, the drums and fifes playing the "Rogues' March."

Poor old soldier, poor old soldier,
Tarr'd and feathered and then drumm'd out
Because he couldn't keep sober.

Our hearts were in our throats, but we clinched our hands and held our places like men.

There was no music in the march. It was simply a wailing and sobbing of the drums—the drums to drum Dumpey out of the service; Dumpey, their champion, their hero, their king.

But on they came—

Poor old soldier, poor old soldier.

Just as they passed us we heard some one ask:

"What makes him walk so queer? He seems to be limping."

Every boy there could have told him that it was the bullet he got at Mission Ridge, which the doctors had never been able to take out.

And on they came—

Tarr'd and feathered and then drumm'd out.
At last they reached the sally port.
Because he couldn't keep sober,

shrieked out the fifes, and a moment later Dumpey stood outside the fort a free man.

And then this worthless outcast, this drummed out drunkard, this limping, halting, wounded ex-soldier, who had played a man's part in the bitterest war the world has ever known, this drunken Dumpey, halted, quietly took the board marked "Drunkard" off his back, and baring his close cropped head to the morning sun looked up toward the flag and bravely cried out:

"Three cheers for the stars and stripes!"

I have never forgotten it. Please God, I never will.—Lieutenant Thomas H. Wilson in New York Sun.

A Musical Misfit.

Host—Who was it persuaded Miss Screechum to sing?

Hostess—It was Herr Amburg.

Host—Do you think he could persuade her to stop?—Detroit Free Press.